

## Uranus Now in View.

THE planet Uranus may easily be seen with an opera-glass now. It is just visible to the naked eye, in the constellation Capricornus. Find from a star chart the location of the star Mu in Capricornus; Uranus is four or five degrees west of it. They are nearly equal in brightness.

## When a Girl Marries

Ann's Family Dinner Starts Off More Auspiciously

Than It Finishes.

CHAPTER XLV.  
BEFORE Virginia's dinner at the Rochambeau was over I issued invitations to our postponed family dinner. And all during the day of my party while I was deep in nervous yet hopeful preparations for it, I remembered Jim's delight because I leaned across the table in the little card room issuing a laughing mandate to Betty and Terry.

"You two are included because you're our closest friends—Jim's 'war family.' So you'll break all engagements and come, won't you?" They accepted and Virginia cried with real enthusiasm: "How jolly of you, Anne, and how equally jolly of you two to cancel your appointments for us." The first thing I had done to win Virginia's complete approval was to invite Betty Brice to dinner.

That came to me next day with such force it almost caused me to drop the fishing. I was examining with terror lest for the first time in my career as a cook it refused to tell. I rescued the mold, put it back on the ice prayerfully and advanced to the next course—chicken en casserole. By the time that was steaming away with a savory promise, my shortcake was ready to come out of the oven and cool a bit in anticipation of its gentle burial beneath peaches and cream.

Then came a flurry of final preparation—setting the table, dressing and superintending Jim's tie and Neal's hair. After that came the delicate task of greeting the guests in a manner that would seem undisturbed and make Jim proud of his wife and full of delicious anticipations of her party.

I started with fine promise when Terry arrived and said in his rich, delightful voice: "I can see that this is going to be a top-notch party." And it was—at first.

When Virginia praised my cooking, I thought I should expire of joy. To think of stately Virginia's delectable mood. All through dinner I felt exuberantly uncertain that my party was a real success. Even the percolator worked and the cream poured out thick and rich.

The janitor's wife came up to do the dishes for me—and after Phoebe and Neal and I had cleared the rest of the table and had retired to "play lady," as Neal put it, some one suggested that we have a go at poker. That "some one" was Jim. He insisted on it. And as for little Neal, I detect all card games except bridge, and was on the verge of insisting that I'd prefer to stay out when I caught a sudden glimpse of the game and saw that Phoebe was on the big couch, quite absorbed in a chess. So I played poker. Or tried to.

The game ended abruptly an hour later for suddenly Virginia discovered that happy little group of two, and decided that she wanted a chatty evening. She sent Phoebe into the bedroom for her bag, settled her score, and then strolled over to the couch and sat down in the middle of it with a complete air of intending to remain there.

From the moment of her first move to end the poker game Jim surprised me. "Virginia, don't be a spoil-sport," he protested irritably.

This to his beloved Virginia—and he followed it by stubbornly insisting that Betty and Terry continue the game. But Betty wooed Terry away with a smile and said she also felt "chatty."

All right, then, let the girls gossip—but shoot a few dice with me, Terry, Jim urged.

Betty and Terry exchanged a quick glance and then the King of Hearts said he'd rather talk and get acquainted.

"How about you, Neal?" asked Jim, molesting his lips nervously as he produced a little black cylinder from his cardbox.

"I'm with you," said Neal, routed from Phoebe's side, he gladly seized the chance of getting into Jim's good graces.

"I'll match you for the first throw."

Jim tossed a penny on the table, covering it with his hand and watched Neal intently. Neal brought a coin from his pocket, shook it between clasped palms and lifted his right hand to show the Indian head—while Jim's coin lay with the date up.

The Game Steps.

"Good boy, Neal. You win," Jim's voice was hard, yet feverish. Neal shook the dice box. Out came a pair of threes.

Jim was breathing heavily as he crouched over the table with his eyes a-glitter.

Again Neal tossed the little cubes out on the table—and now a six rolled into sight, followed by a four. I felt Jim stiffen—and relax.

The last toss was a five and a four. Jim raked in the two quarters that lay before him and suggested doubling the stakes.

A moment later he was laughing nervously as a one and then a six rolled out at his first light flirt of the dice box.

"Better luck next time, kid," he exclaimed, but his hands trembled as he handed the box back to Neal.

Again Neal lost. Jim clutched the coins eagerly and laughed a dry, reckless laugh. As he sat there, with his hair tossed into a tumbled mass and his eyes fairly burning on Neal and the dice and the jumbled pile of bills and coins in front of him, I became aware of the strange silence in the room. The only thing that broke it was Jim's staccato laughter and the rattle of the dice.

Suddenly Virginia rose: "Nonsense, dear, will you take me home? I've a lot of work to do at the apartment tomorrow—and I want to ask you about some of it. We'll walk and get a bit of exercise. Mrs. Bryce and the captain will drive Phoebe over, I'm sure."

No one protested at her strange arrangements.

Jim looked up almost dead.

By ANN LISLE

Then he got to his feet and though he staggered after that table for a moment, still the wondrous smile struggled back to his face—he assured Virginia that he'd really like advising her.

He looked down at the pile of money almost as if weighing it, then he reached out a hand, his fingers closed to a fist, but instead of opening it to seize the money he pushed it toward Neal.

"Take it, Neal—it's yours," he muttered. And though there were gracious good-byes after that, and reminders of the Motor Cup races for which Captain Terry had invited us next day, my evening seemed to end with the moment Jim pushed the money he had won from him back to Neal. My good-nights were automatic.

Still automatically I crossed to the window and strained my eyes into the darkness for a glimpse of Jim limping about at Virginia's side. What was she saying to him—this sister he loved? Did the dice game that had terrified me mean anything to her? Would a worry shared bring us close or make her shut me out behind walls of reserve?

And while I stood pondering and wondering, I felt a strong young arm fling itself across my shoulders. Neal—my brother Neal.

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